

THE STORY OF YELLOWFACE

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taken a number of his braves, leaving his young son in charge of the camp. A few days after Yellowface had left, this young man took suddenly ill and seemed to grow steadily worse. He told the people who waited upon him that he knew he was going to die and begged them not to bury him until his father returned, or until every spot on his body was cold.

He apparently died, and they kept him in his tent for three days. There was still a spot of warmth over his heart and under his left arm. At the close of the third day Chief Yellowface returned. He viewed his son's body and felt of the warmth over his heart. He then took a vessel of oil and moistened the boy's lips, letting a few drops pass between the lips. He offered a prayer and, as he stood and watched his son, the nerves in the boy's face began to twitch, and he gradually regained consciousness. The old chief raised him up, putting blankets under his head; they fed the boy some broth, and finally he was able to speak to his father.

He told his father that he had been to the Happy Hunting Ground and, as he was walking along, a man came toward him carrying a book

that this little band finally reached the Church ranch, and camped on the Belly River within a short distance of the ranch house. They were guided by the Lord, and their great faith was soon to be rewarded, for on the following morning four cowboys riding from the ranch spied the camp and, out of curiosity, rode down among them. The Indians at first were afraid that they had come to order them to move on, but to their surprise these men were unusually friendly. They bought some moccasins, gloves, etc., from the Indians and paid no undue attention to the women, and on leaving, invited them to come up to the house.

Here, with joy, Yellowface witnessed a partial fulfilment of the signs. Had not these young men manifested a spirit of kindness and honor? Their faith was renewed, a council was held, and two of the women were sent over to the ranch house, apparently on a friendly visit, but possibly to make sure that the sign was certain.

The ranch foreman at this time was Bishop James S. Parker of Mountain View who, because of his ward duties and other interests, was absent from the ranch a great deal of the time. A man and his wife Mr. and

please them very much. Before they left, without really knowing why, I fixed some parcels of food for them, bread, beans, sugar, and dried fruit. Perhaps it was because my heart went out to them, they seemed so tired and lost and poor.

"The next morning the same two women came to the ranch house, this time they had a very old lady with them. This old lady had a very young baby in her arms. I think it would be about three weeks old; she was its grandmother. The child's mother had died, and they wanted milk for the baby.

"Just a few months before this time we had lost our beautiful, nine-months-old-baby boy of pneumonia. This was a great trial and heartbreak for us to go through, and so when I saw this little baby, and these people so poorly dressed and with winter so close, I could not help wondering why my little one had to be taken and this child left without a mother? This was a lovely baby and the old lady let me take it in my arms. I held it to my heart, walking the floor, and turned and asked the old lady, in the language of the Blood Indians, how much she wanted for this papoose. The old lady waited for a second, and then she pointed to

The glamor of the early western days clings to this painting, "Return from the Hunt," by Gordon Coutts.





